Bero. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.
Lon. *Costard* the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes owne person?
Ber. This fellow, What would'st?
Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Tharborough: but I would see his owne person in flesh and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:
There's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.
Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
Ber. How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.
Ber. To heare or forbeare hearing.
Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.
Ber. Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to clime in the merrinesse.
Clow. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner?
Clo. In manner and forme following sir, all those three. I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put together is in manner and forme following. Now sir for the manner; it is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.
Ber. For the following sir.
Clow. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Ber. As wee would heare an Oracle.

Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh.

Ferdinan.

GReat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies fostring patrone:
Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.
Ferd. *So it is.*
Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.
Ferd. Peace.
Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.
Ferd. No words,
Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.
Ferd. *So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholy, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time when? about the sixt houre, when beasts most grase, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time When. Now for the ground which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous euent that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest, surueyest, or seest. But to the place where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; there did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (Clown.* Mee?) *that vnlettered small knowing soule, (Clow.* Me?) *that shallow vassall (Clow.* Still mee?) *which as I remember, hight* Costard, *(Clow.* O me) *sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaimed Edict and continent Cannon: Which with, ô with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:*
Clo. With a Wench.
Ferd. *With a childe of our Grandmother* Eue, *a female; or for thy more sweete vnderstanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed duty pricke me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed of punishment by thy sweete Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.*
Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am *Anthony Dull.*
Ferd. For Iaquenetta *(so is the weaker vessell called) which I*

apprehended

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.h.11) Octavo